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ADDRESS

ON THE

LIFE AND CHARACTER

OF

ANDREW WYLIE, D. D.,

BY

THEOPHILUS PARVIN, M. D.

INDIANAPOLIS:

CAMERON & M'NEELY, BOOK AND JOB PRINTERS.

1858.

A D D R E S S

ON THE

LIFE AND CHARACTER

OF

ANDREW WYLIE, D. D.,

LATE PRESIDENT OF THE STATE UNIVERSITY, OF INDIANA.

DELIVERED BEFORE

THE ALUMNI OF THE UNIVERSITY,

BY

THEOPHILUS PARVIN, M. D.,

OF INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA,

JULY 14th, 1858, AT BLOOMINGTON.

INDIANAPOLIS:

CAMERON & M'NEELY, BOOK AND JOB PRINTERS.

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CORRESPONDENCE.

BLOOMINGTON, July 14, 1858.

THEOPHILUS PARVIN, M. D.,

DEAR SIR:

At a meeting of the ALUMNI, of Indiana University, the undersigned were appointed a committee, to express to you the high pleasure afforded the Society by the able and interesting address delivered by yourself, this day, commemorative of the Life and Character of the late ANDREW WYLIE, D. D.; and also to solicit a copy of the same for publication.

We take great pleasure in performing the duty assigned us, and beg leave to assure you, of the high estimation in which your character and talents are held by the Society, and by the citizens of Bloomington.

Very Respectfully,

LEWIS BOLLMAN,
J. G. M'PHEETERS,
M. M. CAMPBELL,
R. C. FOSTER,
JAS. MITCHELL.

INDIANAPOLIS, July 18th, 1858,

GENTLEMEN:

The Address is at your disposal. No one can be more sensible than its author of its literary imperfections, and of its incompleteness; but if it gives any a juster estimate of the character of our honored Instructor, or does aught to perpetuate the memory of him whom we all admired and revered, I shall be content.

I thank you most heartily for your expression of regard and esteem, and shall ever gratefully cherish the memory of the kindness shown me by my brethren of the ALUMNI, and by the citizens of Bloomington.

Yours, truly,

THEOPHILUS PARVIN.

To Messrs. BOLLMAN, M'PHEETERS, CAMPBELL, FOSTER, and MITCHELL.

ADDRESS.

ALMA MATER welcomes her sons to their former home. And I would wrong the present members of her household—her honored Faculty and true Students,—I would wrong the generous citizens of Bloomington, did I not declare that they all unite in a kindly greeting. Turn in hither for a day, O Pilgrim. Lay aside thy staff; with unsandaled foot tread once more this hallowed ground, and drink again from the fountain of thy youth. Come, O Soldier. Let the battle wage to-day, and no shout of thine be heard, no blow of thine be struck amid the tumult of the world's strife; participating this fraternal reunion, evoking long-buried and precious memories, pledging anew devotion to Truth, Learning, and Right, thou wilt go forth to-morrow, stronger, and better for this rest and rejoicing. We come, we come from the struggles, the defeats and the victories, the joys and the sorrows—those bright and dark threads of which the web and woof of human existence are woven,—we come, O Alma Mater, the baptism of thy name upon us, to thy outstretched arms and throbbing heart. We differ in life-associations and enjoyments; we differ in objects of desire, and results of effort,—some bear well-earned laurels; others wear “that little flower called heart's ease;” still others are girding their loins for a glorious race; we differ in years, some in the flush of youthful vigor and hope, others in the meridian of manhood, and still others, perchance, upon whose heads age is sprinkling snow, and upon whose

faces she is writing wrinkles ; we differ in life-experiences,—but we are assembled to-day, animated by a spirit which rises superior to the accidents, the differences and the surroundings of each individual life—we are brethren, and unite in joyful thanksgiving.

It is meet that this annual assembling of the Alumni, and the Commencement, should occur when external Nature presents so much to charm the sense and cheer the heart. The Heavens with their golden sunshine, the goodly Earth clothed with rich verdure, and glad with summer song and summer harvest, smile a blessing upon man. What more auspicious moment for the mariner to weigh anchor and turn his prow to the open sea, than when the sun shines in summer glory from a cloudless sky? And staunch, trim crafts, freighted with golden hopes, to-morrow weigh anchor and *commence* their returnless voyage upon the ocean of life. God guard them when the starless night and winter storm come.

What fitter time than this for mutual counsel and comfort, for the relation of personal experiences, the revival of generous affections, the excitement of fresh hope and firm faith! The harmonies of Nature are in unison with the nobler emotions of our hearts ; and the season brings new confirmation of our trust in Him who sends the early and the latter rain, the seed time and the harvest ; whose power and goodness are manifest in the germinating seed and bursting bud of Spring, and in the green forest and golden grain field of Summer. Thus trusting Him, we will have more love and faith for our fellow man.

But a cloud partially obscures the light of this day ; a voice of sorrow mingles in our song of thanksgiving—the cypress is in the wreath we weave. Many of our College companions and friends have finished the pilgrimage—have fought the battle of life, and gone to their reward. Green be their graves, and precious their memories evermore. Nor can I forbear to pay a passing tribute unto one recently deceased, whom many of us knew as an instructor in the University, and who was admired and loved

by all whose privilege it was really to know him. Better, probably, than any one who hears me to-day, did I know his history, his manner of life, and his heart. He was a poor orphan boy, bound to a country farmer, his term of service expiring when he was seventeen; then the village pastor,* who still lives venerable with years, but active in labors, rich in benevolence, noticing the extraordinary richness of intellect and excellence of character possessed by the youth, took him into his family for instruction. His progress in study was extraordinarily rapid—in a very short time he was thoroughly prepared for commencing a college course; he then entered Jefferson College, and though in good measure dependent upon his own exertions for support, graduated in a large class with the first honor. Thenceforth his whole life was consecrated mainly to teaching, though somewhat engaged at times in pulpit ministrations. He was indefatigable in study; he was a man of the strictest integrity, of the noblest benevolence, of the tenderest sensibilities; he was charitable, too charitable in his views of men's characters and conduct. No more precious ashes mingle with the soil of generous, appreciative Kentucky, than those of the accomplished Scholar, the warm-hearted Christian Gentleman, ALFRED RYORS.

Nor are these the only griefs which the occasion suggests to many of us. Has it not occurred to some one of you, my friends, to return to his early home after many years' absence, finding a chair at the family altar vacant, a golden link in the family circle gone? The massive trees, under whose grateful shade you rested in childhood, wave a welcome with their green boughs; the lawn, the fields smile with as rich verdure as when you sported in them long ago; the brook hard by murmurs the same music that it did in your youth, and its waters sparkle as brightly in the sunshine now as then; even the very house in which your bosom first heaved, and your eye first caught

*ROBERT STEEL, D. D., of Abington, Penn.

the light—the very house with which your earliest and best memories are linked, invites your entrance, and quickly the loving embrace and tender kiss, are eloquent beyond human language, in telling the joyous welcome of affectionate hearts. But the venerable sire, whose hoary head was a crown of glory, and whose voice as he last clasped your hand when you were starting forth to make your way in the world, fervently uttered, “the Lord bless you, my son,” is not there to welcome your return; he sleeps in the grave. Fatherless in that home wherein a father was the joy and the strength of the household, your friend and faithful instructor, the guide of your youth and the glory of your manhood! Ah, then and there you realize his death as you never did, as you never could any elsewhere in the wide world. To those of the Alumni, like your speaker, not here since the death of Dr. WYLIE, previous to this time, is now first given a full realization of the sad truth that he is indeed no more. What thoughts throng the mind! What emotions struggle for utterance! If we could but see him once more, how vivid the image impressed on our memories would ever be! If we could but listen to his instructions once more, with what jealous care we would treasure them through all our lives.

“He being dead, yet speaketh,”—his Life and Character have a lesson for us.

Old Mortality wandered for thirty years amid lonely glens and silent church-yards, seeking the burial places of religious martyrs, cleansing the moss from gray grave-stones, and renewing, with industrious chisel, the fading devices and inscriptions thereon. Let me to-day attempt a similar pious purpose, seek to revive some lessons of wisdom that fell from ANDREW WYLIE’s lips as honey drops from the rock,—in some degree renew the *scripta* he recorded in the red-leaved volumes of human hearts, and make more distinct, fading impressions on our memories.

The review of such a man’s life, the analysis of such a man’s character, can not be wholly devoid of interest even to those who never knew him, for none here to-day are

strangers to his fame. And, besides, no man's life is so common place as to be without interest; no man's life is so humble as to have no lesson of rich wisdom for the noblest. A man's life is a reality, and reality in all its relations is of vastly more interest to every mind than fiction. As we start down Loch Katrine, we see on our left, at the head of the lake, Glengyle, the place where Rob Roy dwelt, a green little vale, sloping hills on either side and in the rear, and washed in front by the silver wave; near the foot of the lake is Ellen's Isle, the imagined home for long while of the outlawed Douglass, an isle of exceeding beauty; but in the thoughtful mind the former awakens the greater interest, for Rob Roy, the rude free booter, was a veritable personage, while Fair Ellen danced only in a Poet's dream. And thus it ever is—Truth comes in the broad daylight bravely alongside and casts its grappling irons deep in our hearts, while Fiction floats away in the morning mist like a spectre ship at sea. Surely, then, we should find in the history of a man who was a positive and confessed force wherever he went, whose life was a verity and no fancy, who had a work to do in the world, and who did it as in the fear of God; a man sincere, honest, eminent—surely in the history of such a man, we may find deep interest and rich instruction.

ANDREW WYLIE was born in Washington County, Pennsylvania, on the 12th of April, 1789. His father, an emigrant from Ireland, was a hard-working farmer, loved his Bible and trusted in God, and was a kind husband and an excellent father. His mother, a native of Pennsylvania, was a remarkable woman, uniting with high intellectual endowments ardent piety, and possessing remarkable beauty. It was right that the excellence of head and heart should be associated with personal attractions. Indeed the body is oftentimes the type of the soul, the countenance oftentimes the index of the character, and human beings are every day writing their lives upon their faces. The winds and the waves, the rains and vol-

canic fires, the countless manifestations of Nature's forces, record their history upon the dead earth. And thus the winds of passion, the waves of adversity, the rains of grief, the fires of desire—the various forces from within and without, acting upon living souls, often make permanent impressions upon living faces. An emotion can suffuse the eye with tears, can blanch the cheek or in an instant inject its minutest capillaries until it blushes like a rose of York; and surely the continued struggles, the repeated emotions, the states and conditions of the soul, the life-experiences of the heart, will be manifest in a greater or less degree in the countenance. We have seen men who, in the pursuit of selfish ends by means of tortuous cunning, have erased every trace of nobility from their countenances, and have inscribed thereon Selfishness, Falsehood, and Dishonor, lit up by smirks of vanity, or by affectation of piety, their religion a cloak for iniquity, their friendship concealed enmity; and every pure woman has unconsciously shuddered and averted eye and soul from a man upon whose face sensuality has written its bestial character. Then, too, as we read in *Hyperion*, there are faces that are great Family Bibles, in which both the Old and New Testament are written, and others sweet love-anthologies and songs of the affections. When Moses descended from the Mount, his recent communion with God was manifest in his shining face. A face perfect in physical beauty, whereon noble intellect, generous affection, and heroic faith had registered their names, and through which spiritual purity and precious communion with the Father of Spirits looked out, was the face ANDREW WYLIE first knew, first, if not most loved. It is well that high thought should declare itself upon a lofty brow, that warm affections should glow in the kindly smile and in the kindling light of the eye, and that inward grace should be shadowed forth by outward beauty. Mrs. WYLIE was indeed a woman worthy the times, and equal to the responsibilities of a Christian mother. How well she discharged those responsibilities, let the honored

and useful lives her sons—especially Dr. ANDREW WYLIE, and his oldest brother, the late WILLIAM WYLIE, D. D., of Wheeling, Virginia, who, but a few weeks since, upwards of four-score years old, departed this life—accomplished, answer. Dr. ANDREW WYLIE often spoke of her with all that tender affection which Cowper manifested toward the memory of his mother. How often are a mother's virtues and talents directly transmitted to her sons, and who can estimate her influence in moulding their characters! These truths have been so frequently demonstrated in the history of the world, especially of the Christian world, that we at once presume the mother to have been a superior woman from the eminence and virtue of her offspring.

ANDREW WYLIE's parents were in but moderate circumstances, and had a large family to support, and he and his brothers, not altogether from necessity, but because their father wished to give them self-dependence, were early taught habits of industry and useful labor. Hence our subject had his physical organization well developed, and learned to appreciate justly, time and means and opportunities for acquiring knowledge. Rising in summer before the sun, and working on, in the busy harvest time, long after his setting; again with his brothers clearing new ground, digging, grubbing, and such labor; learning from his precious and much loved Mother his first lessons in worldly knowledge and in heavenly wisdom, and when he grows older, sitting up the long winter evenings, after a hard day's toil, to read some useful and instructive book by the light of a blazing faggot—such was his life until fifteen years of age. Digging and grubbing upon his father's acres now,—by and by he shall be uprooting briars and brambles and all manner of noxious vegetation from human hearts, and planting in the prepared soil the seeds of Knowledge, Truth, and Virtue;—gathering the golden grain now,—by and by he shall go forth unto the white harvest-field of the world, wherein the cry for near two thousand years has been, “The

harvest is great, but the laborers are few," and then after a life of honored toil, go to his rest and reward, bearing precious sheaves.

At fifteen, he enters a School, in the town of Washington; the Teacher, to whom he often referred with respect and affection, is the late Judge MILLS, of Kentucky. At school his conduct is unexceptional, his progress in his studies rapid and remarkably thorough, and the farmer's boy is the first. As one stage in life is, so will the succeeding one be—the former is the seed of the latter; and it is clear that this youth is planting the germs of a noble manhood.

How often do youths and even children give indications of future distinction! The invisible crowns which Nature places upon the brows of those who are to be kings in the world, are shown by occasional gleamings long years before they become completely visible, and men acknowledge the regal power. Cyrus in his childhood bore such a kingly look, that he was crowned king by his companions in their plays. The greatest of Scottish Divines, except possibly brave Knox, and classic, stately Robertson, the mighty minded Chalmers, when but six years old, resolved to be a preacher, selects a text and preaches a sermon thoughtful for one so young.

"A milk boy, sheltering from the transient storm,
Chalked, on the grinder's wall, an infant's form;
Young Chantrey smiled; no critic praised or blamed;
And golden promise smiled and thus exclaimed:—
Go, child of genius! rich be thine increase;
Go—be the Phidias of the second Greece."

And thus it frequently is, childhood and youth uttering promise and prophecy of manhood, the present declaring the future.

From the School at Washington, he goes to Jefferson College at Canonsburgh, and though teaching to defray his expenses, still stands highest in all his classes,—he values his privileges and is determined to make the most of them; he has neither time nor money to squander in dissipation, and thus is saved from temptations which

beset and often ruin many young men in college; he kindly assists fellow-students in their studies, and is loved and respected by them—his noble pre-eminence excites no envious hate in their bosoms; he has won his laurels fairly and against great odds—let him wear them peacefully. The Faculty respect him for his integrity and scholarship, and withal he is modest, unassuming, and sincere. In October, 1810, he graduates with the first honor, the second honor falling upon the late Governor Hendricks, who, from his college days, was one of Dr. WYLIE's warmest friends and greatest admirers. His great regard for truth, truth in all its relations, and the thoroughness and accuracy of his knowledge, must be considered ANDREW WYLIE's chief characteristics during his school and college life.

During his senior year he acted as tutor, and continued in this post for a time after graduation. He pursued his Theological studies in part, under his oldest brother, the Rev. William Wylie, and was licensed to preach in the fall of 1812.

On the 29th of April, 1812, the Trustees of Jefferson College elect this stripling of twenty-three years, President of that Institution, surprising no one half so much as the recipient of the honor; he at first shrinks from the high trust to which he is called, but finally accepts. In May of the succeeding year he was married to Miss Margaret Ritchie, of Canonsburgh, who, I need not tell you, still survives.

In April, 1817, the Trustees of Washington College passed a resolution "separating the duties of the Principal of the College from those of Pastor of the Congregation." By this step the Rev. Matthew Brown was removed from the Presidency; and then at the same meeting of the Board of Trustees, Rev. ANDREW WYLIE was called to the vacant place. Jefferson and Washington were chartered within the space of four years, were located but seven miles apart, and were dependent upon the same religious denominations for support. It seemed neither

right nor politic that two institutions should occupy the ground where one was quite sufficient. Washington was in many respects the more suitable location, and Dr. WYLIE went to take charge of the College established there at the urgent solicitation and advice of many of his friends, they believing that under his auspices the two Colleges might be thus and there united, Jefferson gradually absorbed by Washington. This result, however, did not occur. On the contrary a bitter rivalry and contest, a "college war," which continued for many years, ensued,—a war which involved even the citizens of Washington and Canonsburgh. Dr. WYLIE's immediate successor in Jefferson was Dr. McMillen; he was soon succeeded, however, by Dr. Matthew Brown. Meantime the two institutions gradually assumed these characters before the public—the one, Jefferson, strictly sectarian, the other liberal.

Soon after his removal to Washington, Dr. WYLIE accepted a pastoral charge some seven miles in the country, and during the many years he retained this charge, he never failed to meet his congregation, unless when detained by sickness. Of course his ministrations were eminently useful, and he was greatly beloved by his people—indeed, one of the most tender and touching scenes in his whole life, occurs when he spake to them for the last time prior to his removal from Pennsylvania—very much such a scene, I imagine, as happened when Paul uttered his farewell address to the Elders of the Church of Ephesus, "sorrowing most of all for the words which he spake, that they should see his face no more." Even after Dr. WYLIE's removal to Indiana, this congregation made extraordinary efforts to induce him to return, and again become their spiritual guide. The memory of their love and kindness was a perpetual source of joy to him, and sometimes he thought that he had erred in leaving people so tenderly attached to him, and among whom his labor had been so blessed.

The failure to consolidate the two Colleges, as well, possibly, as a desire to retire even from the very scene of

those strifes, which such an effort had engendered, induced Dr. WYLIE to resign the Presidency of Washington College, in 1828. Meanwhile his reputation as an able Minister of the New Testament, as a profound Scholar, and successful Teacher, had greatly extended, and prominent Churches in eastern cities, as well as in the west, institutions of learning, and the Theological Seminary at Pittsburg, were anxious to obtain him. He would not go to a city, however, because he did not wish his sons to be exposed to the temptations with which cities abound, and thus many of these offers were at once excluded from his consideration.

On the 5th of May, 1828, the first Board of Trustees of Indiana College met, and elected Dr. WYLIE President of the infant institution, and immediately a correspondence was commenced with him on the part of the Board by Dr. David H. Maxwell, resulting in his removal from Washington to Bloomington, in 1829.

And here, in accordance with my own feelings and in justice to the memory of a good and useful man, a man to whom the town and University are under incalculable obligations, it is eminently proper to say a word of the late Dr. Maxwell. His influence, more than that of any other man, determined the location of the College; for nearly twenty-five years he was almost constantly President of the Board of Trustees, and all the while he was a faithful and indefatigable friend to the Institution. The blood of Scotch Covenanters was in his veins, and better blood none can boast; a good mind industriously cultivated, a generous heart sanctified by divine grace, a lithe body and steady nerve, quick to perceive and prompt to perform, he was a fearless soldier, a kind physician, a skillful surgeon, a worthy citizen; in the pathless forest, in the camp, on the field, at the sick bed, in deliberative bodies, in the social circle, in the church, he challenged the respect and regard of all who knew him—he was indeed one of nature's noblemen. I should be glad to dwell on such a topic at greater length, but even if time

permitted, it would divert us too much from the main subject of discourse—hence, too, I shall only, if at all, incidentally speak of the history of Indiana University, its difficulties and dangers, its trials and triumphs, under the Presidency—some twenty-two years in continuance—of Dr. WYLIE.

And now, what was ANDREW WYLIE? First, consider merely his personal appearance, and look at the physical man.

Behold him as he is returning from the University, about twelve of the clock, on some hot summer day. Both in material and mode of dress, he regards comfort more than fashion—that brown linen coat spreads airily as crinoline; that leghorn hat, beneath whose ample brim a breath of wind occasionally steals to play with silver locks, peradventure has seen service for several summers; his form is large and well proportioned—a little too heavy for any surprising agility—but therein dwells “a power of strength”; his shoulders are somewhat bent as only those of thinkers are bent; that is a broad and noble brow, the domain of high Thought; nor does the countenance indicate any lack of firmness—its possessor is immovable as the everlasting hills, when he believes himself right—there is a bluff independence in his look and manner—you can neither bribe nor terrify such a man; ten chances to one a part of a stalk of blue grass or timothy projects from his mouth; an occasional twinkle in his eye and the flexibility of the muscles at the angles of the mouth show that he enjoys quiet, aye, and for that matter, noisy fun, most heartily; tears have furrowed those manly cheeks, and the tears will come again, tender and gushing as a woman’s, if his sympathies are moved, or his heart pierced with grief—and when wrong is done and insult offered, that eye can flash with indignation—it can be a volcano as well as a fountain. In the main his countenance indicated Thought, Benevolence, and Independence. Dr. WYLIE’S early labors on his father’s farm, had developed his physical powers and increased native vigor of constitution.

Through all his life he persisted in daily taking three hours exercise, and to this, conjoined with the observance of regular hours and temperate habits, may be attributed his remarkable exemption from severe sickness during his long life. Noble body and excellent health as Dr. WYLIE possessed, he was much more than a “Clothes-Horse and Patent Digester;” he was a man of positive attributes, of great qualities of head and heart.

A casual glance at these attributes, a simple examination of his character in a single aspect, will utterly fail to give us the true measure, or a correct judgment of him. Nay, we may be greatly disappointed, just as a man’s first impressions of the sublimest work of Nature on our continent, are not equal to his anticipations; while a continued examination from different points far transcends them. Moreover, the mere sight-hunter beholds nothing very wonderful in Raphael’s cartoon of Paul on the Areopagus, or Murillo’s Virgin, or one of Vandyke’s portraits, for intellect and heart must unite their forces in the study of a great painting, in order to appreciate it,—much more in the study of a great man, infinitely superior to the sublimest conception of the noblest artist: even the heart alone is often a true and wise teacher, the smiles of love a light unto the understanding, and the voice of sympathy chants the prelude to knowledge. Coming then at least with loving hearts, may we obtain a true answer to the question,

What was ANDREW WYLIE, in qualities and attributes?

First—in his intellectual character, we see Strength. It stands out in bold relief, and we discern it as clearly as we do strength of another sort in the blacksmith’s brawny arm with its great muscle-ridges and big veins; or in the heavy blows which make the anvil ring, and mould the white-hot iron amid the showering sparks.

More than twelve years ago, a man of no common abilities, then and now an eminent College Professor in this State, remarked to me, “your President is undoubtedly the strongest man west of the mountains.” And in

reference to this very point, a gentleman whom I shall not name, but whose abilities as a jurist, integrity as a judge, and virtues as a citizen, entitle him to all praise and all respect, said to me quite recently, "Dr. WYLIE was by far the greatest man I ever knew." No man of average intellect and ordinary attainments, would gather round him and enjoy the grandest products of ancient and modern philosophy, these huge tomes of Plato and Aristotle, of Bacon and Cudworth, these volumes of Liebnitz and Hobbes, and others equally famed in the annals of science. None but an intellectual Titan could have produced the mountain-thoughts which are found in many of his addresses, thoughts sometimes so lofty that men small in intellectual stature could not see over them, or otherwise had their eyes so intent on the ground, or so blind with mists, that they could declare they saw no mountains, no, not even hillocks.

Dr. WYLIE was remarkable, not so much for greatness of knowledge and variety of attainments, as for Profundity—he had *wisdom* rather than mere *learning*. As a student he was thorough, reading a volume from first to last and not dipping into it at random,—good books are neither pans of milk, nor Florida soil. In order to attain this thorough knowledge of a subject either from books or by reflection, he could completely concentrate his mind upon the one thing, entirely excluding all else. In this abstraction he would frequently meet his students and even members of his own family, without being conscious of it. This want of recognition on his part often led those students who did not *know* him, to regard him as at least indifferent to them. Even to such, however, as might be offended at this seeming neglect, he was still, as Edward Irving said of Chalmers, a force of gravitation, though not of attraction.

Dr. WYLIE had imagination, but its flowers were often crushed beneath his iron logic. Forms and outward adornment he cared not for,—nay, he cast them aside as

impeding his advance to the substance—it was naked, abstract truth he sought.

It would be an error to judge that one of such clear reason and profound understanding, spent so much time in the regions of high Thought, as to become pure intellect without heart. Dr. WYLIE's emotional nature was, in many regards, exquisitely sensitive. No man felt injustice or ingratitude more keenly; and when suffering such wrong, or overwhelmed by affliction, the intensity of his emotions often found expression in tears. Conjoined with this tender, tearful sensibility, he possessed much rich genial humor, just as we sometimes see the dark cloud fringed by the sunshine with varied splendors. From the lowest species of humor, the pun, up to the highest manifestation of true wit, his mind ranged. Indeed, some of his witticisms were quite as full of pith and point as any Dean Swift ever uttered, and occasionally, they were like the Dean's also, in another respect. The union of Sensibility and Humor is not unseldom seen. Hood wrote the *Song of the Shirt*, as well as the *Lament for the Decline of Chivalry*; Cowper was the author of "*Lines upon the Reception of My Mother's Picture*," some of which are plaintive as the wailings of a broken heart,—and John Gilpin's *Race*; Burns had an exhaustless fund of humor, yet no woman's, no child's heart was more tender.

Dr. WYLIE was steadfast and devoted in his attachment to friends, and in various ways manifested his interest in and regard for such. On the other hand, one whom he thought a deceiver, was kept at arm's length—he would have nothing to do with him—showing him no attention whatever to gain his good will. But I can not believe he cherished any malevolence towards those who were avowedly hostile to him, and who may have actually wronged him; indeed, in his own family, and to his classes, he invariably discriminated between a bad man and bad acts, strongly condemning the acts, but speaking not even harshly of the actor: the tyrant Dionysius sold Plato as

a slave, and afterwards was greatly troubled lest the philosopher should speak ill of him—" *Plato was too busy to think of Dionysius.*"

Dr. WYLIE's sympathies were large and active—he could not endure the sight of great suffering; in public distress and in private need, no man was more active or liberal in furnishing relief. Though having deep insight into human nature—reading men's motives, purposes, and characters, with facility, and generally with accuracy,—at almost any time his intellect would be taken captive by his heart, the tears of sympathy cloud his vision, and the undeserving thus obtain his charities. Anxious to relieve others from suffering, he is not less solicitous to prevent it,—after the occurrence of a very severe accident, when he has endured agonies without a murmur or complaint, he tells his family, "I refrained my groans because the sound of them would be painful for you to hear." Nor were his sympathies confined to human beings—he could look upon tiny insects when they suffered, with pity. Many years ago, while clearing the ground on which his house was subsequently built, he remarks to * one of the students who is assisting him, pointing to a number of ants in the brush heap, "How many of these poor creatures will suffer when the brush is burned!"

Dr. WYLIE had a hearty love for Nature. His early days were spent in the activities of farm life, and the fields and forests, the hills and streams, with all their countless forms of beauty and vitality, were familiar friends from childhood; indeed all his life was spent amid scenes wherein Nature had done much, and Art little. He had not the devotion which characterized John Foster, who spends a whole night under the open sky that he may note the varying features of twilight, of darkness and especially of dawn; nor of Wordsworth, who could measure the linear inches he traveled, by poetic feet, write a

* Lewis Bollman.

sonnet upon the most insignificant of natural objects, and who earnestly sings—

“To me the meanest flower that breathes, can give
Thoughts, that do often lie too deep for tears.”

Nor has he the devotion of Richter, who was wont to study, to write, almost to live in the open air; but still he has a healthy and sincere love of nature, of nature especially as God's creation; he could, using his own language, trace the impressions left by God's plastic hand on the face of external nature, and hear the sweet tones of His voice as they sound through all her lovely palaces. How often he used to come to his lecture-room with roses or other flowers in his hand! How often has his eye turned from the page of profound philosophy to rest upon these, God's poetry in the book of nature, testimonials of His goodness, but types of man's mortality, for “the flower fadeth.”

He frequently draws his illustrations from natural objects. He finds in the mode of propagation of the strawberry plant, an illustration of what an individual is; he sees in the forest monarchs that have withstood the tornado, emblems of men who have preserved their individuality in spite of tempest and storm; Niagara furnishes him with a comparison to enforce a truth of Rhetoric: “The ornaments of style must break out from the depths of thought in the mind of the author as the light breaks out from the descending mass of mighty waters in the cataract of Niagara.” Again, he explains public opinion thus—“it is formed by the refractive power of the body politic acting upon thought, like the atmosphere upon the rays of light. The loftiest peaks, rising heavenward far above the clouds, first catch the living light; lower eminences next; and so on, till it is ‘deep day,’ when the lowest valley is illuminated.” Illustrating the relative effects of union and disunion among Christians, he says: “Union and strength; disunion and weakness, is the instructive lesson inscribed by the hand of nature upon all her works. The massive rock which has for

ages withstood the shocks of ocean, "with all his roaring multitude of waves," owes all its strength to the cohesion of its particles. Take this away and they may be drifted by the tide, and even wafted by the breeze. The rays of light as they fall, each with its separate impulse, on the eye, excite not the slightest pain in that tender and delicate organ. Thrown together in a focus, they are capable of instantly dissolving metals. The particles of the electric fluid, when detached, penetrate our bodies, without being either seen or felt. United, they form the terrible thunderbolt, that rives the knotted oak. What so gentle as the falling snow, or the minute drops of rain? Yet, when combined, the former constitute the thundering avalanche; the latter, the tremendous cataract."

No man was more indifferent to wealth and worldly distinction. Indeed, it seemed strange to him that men were so eager in the pursuit of earthly objects. This gold which you accumulate with excessive toil, or for which you barter your heart's blood, and the most sacred joys of a deathless spirit, these palace-homes with their fountains and flowers, their music and mirth, divert the soul from the grand purpose of life, and keep it in perpetual unrest and disquiet; and moreover, they are all shams and dreams, which the first touch of death dissipates. Your search for happiness in these will be as bootless as was the search for Prester John. This great public for whose praises you toil, shouted Hosanna! one day—Crucify Him, the next; and in no case can the light of their smiles penetrate the darkness of the grave. These laurels which you would gather upon the field of fame, will soon fade and perish.

Dr. WYLIE was a man not only of strong will but of vivid conscience. "Conscience makes cowards of us all;" Coleridge well adds, "it makes heroes of us, too." When the verdict of this power, God's vicegerent in the human breast, had satisfied him that he was right, that iron will would break rather than yield an iota—he would be true to his convictions of duty though all the world were arrayed against him.

His Truth must be reckoned one of his highest characteristics. He neither would utter nor act a falsehood, and ever inculcated the strictest regard for truth; in his own family he would not permit the smallest exaggeration, or any thing like prevaricating. Nor should we reckon this high regard for verity a common virtue. From the day that Paradise was lost to man with an uttered lie,—from the day that the Son of God was betrayed by the seal of love, an acted lie, words and acts are often symbols for falsehood, and we ever meet with men in every walk of life, who can stab while saying, “Is it well with thee, brother?”

Of course we should expect to find in a man like Dr. WYLIE, clear-headed, conscientious, and truth-loving, an utter detestation for every thing like Affectation in literature, or Cant in religion. Perchance more than one daw strutting in peacock’s feathers, he stripped of his foolish finery; while his speech at times may have been like Ithuriel’s spear, and pierced through the guise of hypocrisy. Nor do I judge that a true man will fail to find in our world, abundant opportunity for the exercise of this detestation of shams and pretenses, for shams and pretenders, quacks in religion, in medicine, in law, in politics, are every where; and such are the strange inequalities, yea, oftentimes the injustice of society, that while men of education and sensibility “ask for bread and receive a stone,” the brainless, heartless, brazen-faced quack wins fame and wealth. Besides, so liberal and impartial are colleges and courts, ecclesiastical and literary bodies, and the people too, sending the rain of titles and honors, offices and degrees upon the evil and good, the fit and the unfit, that occasionally, perchance, we are reminded of the trick which Rabelais played upon the faculty of Orange, or of Orleans, an A. M., or an M. D., a Doctor of Laws, or of Divinity, a Reverend, or a Lawyer, especially often a legislator, made, not indeed of *Johannes Caballus*, but of *Johannes Asinus*.

Humility was an important element in Dr. WYLIE'S character. Possessing acknowledged abilities and thorough culture, he is simple and unostentatious in his manners, humble in his self-estimate; indeed, for this cause, he did not pass for what he was worth—did not appear to the best advantage upon all occasions. The ready talker, even if he have no more thought in his voice than has the roaring surf, the restless doer, even if he make no more progress than a huge fish floundering on the dry beach, is hailed often as a great man, while as often the profound thinker, the silent worker, humble and without pretensions, is for the hour forgotten.

Dr. WYLIE'S great learning discovered to him vast fields unexplored; and in comparison with the amount and variety of human knowledge—the different sciences every year increasing in number and widening in domain, isolated facts, too, standing up like guide boards, pointing the way to new temples of Truth, and observers everywhere discovering new facts—every noble science a vista, down whose long avenue the eye grows dim with the shadows of three-score years, and then has not discerned its termination, the horizon of knowledge stretching away to the infinite,—what are the attainments of any one man, and where is boasting, or occasion for aught but humility! In the world of Nature, the boughs most heavily laden with fruit, or, using Dr. WYLIE'S own comparison, the sound, full heads of wheat bend the lowest. Thus the greatest minds, most richly stored with knowledge and most fruitful, are the humblest. Newton, “who threw his plummet over blazing Sirius and for a moment silenced the music of the crystal spheres as he traced the mighty cord which held the choristers together,” at the close of his life, marked by such great labors and grand achievements, has been gathering pebbles and shells on the shore, the great ocean of truth stretching before him unexplored. Humboldt, after scaling mountains and traversing continents, with dauntless energy and tireless industry collecting vast stores of knowledge, consecrating

his long and honored life to scientific pursuits, declares that he lives joyless in his ninetieth year, because he has done so little. A little child that has clambered up on a chair, gratified by its temporary elevation, will raise up its hands exclaiming, "I am big;" but wherefore should a grown man echo the child's silly boast! These creatures in the likeness of man who strut about in mock dignity, ever bearing about them an "I am Sir Oracle" air, scarcely deigning the ordinary civilities of life to those who do not flatter their big vanity and bow the knee in reverence to their narrow opinions—whose signature is always simply Smith, Jones, or Brown, as if the world had but one Smith, one Jones, or one Brown—these are generally small in abilities, meagre in attainments, mean in spirit—they are shams and not true men, no matter what artificial elevation or personal inflation they may possess,—“Pigmies are pigmies still, though perched on Alps.”

And now, what was Dr. WYLIE's character in its unity? What was this great intellect with its thorough culture, this iron will, this living conscience, this large heart combined in a body quickened with physical life? The keynote of his life, he uttered in his last baccalaureate. Listening to it, all discord ceases, and that life is a harmony. Therein a light is given, guided by which we behold his deeds and words in their true character and relations. His Individuality in all its relations, in all its fruits and forces, he keeps sacred. His life is inward, and therefore intense; it is not under the dominion of conventionalism, and is free. He will do his own work in his own manner, no matter what others may think and say. The foundation of this distinct and definite Personality is in the most individualizing of all religions, Christianity, which “*finds* man amidst the throng of his companions, *arrests* him with a strong, but friendly hand, takes him aside from the crowd, the noise and bustle of life, and shows him *his Worth and his responsibility as an individual.*” This Personality is the key-stone which gives symmetry and strength to his character; it is

the great central fact of Dr. WYLIE's life, the great central truth of his teachings. In this age of Materialism and Mammon-worship, when our lives are for externals, our thoughts all "outward bound," our philosophy mechanical—the mind lost sight of in the things exterior to it,—“metaphysical and moral sciences falling into decay, while the physical are engrossing, every day, more respect and attention,” when the individual is lost in the mass, and when we associate equally, construct machinery alike to build railroads and to found colleges, to dredge rivers and to convert sinners—there is need that a new gospel, nay, the old gospel of the despised Nazarene, should be fully preached unto men whether they hear or forbear, that they should be told, Ye are living souls and not merely organized bodies—this earthly tabernacle perishes, but the Divinity which stirs within it is deathless; and more still, no church creed, no party platform, no association with other men, even for the best purposes, no work in the mass can absolve you from personal effort and personal responsibility; Death will resolve every multitude into its atomic souls, and even now and ever, the Great God beholds you as distinct individuals. A man thus conscious of his *Worth* and *Responsibility* as a living soul, determined to preserve his *individuality* at all hazards, will have his battles—moreover, no positive, energetic man, walking in a straight path, ever yet went through the world without treading on somebody's toes, or elbowing some other body's sides. Many a wave will dash against the rock bluff and uplifted, many a wind wrestle with the forest monarch that rises in lone grandeur amid a sea of prairie.

Yet, while admiring this Individuality which was the type of Dr. WYLIE's character—an Individuality fostered by his seclusion and deep study—this very isolation kept him from being fully known, and well understood. His life was not enough in contact and communion with society for him to acquire that keen, practical judgment and delicate tact, and possibly that conciliatory disposition, all

of which would have availed him much in the general conduct of life. On the other hand, his life did not touch society at a sufficient number of points and frequently enough, for that great electric force which resided in him, to be fully felt and appreciated.

Dr. WYLIE was engaged in teaching, not merely as an ostensible occupation, but as his true life-work. Considering him as a Teacher, let us not restrict the office to the class-room, but let it embrace all that he did to instruct by public addresses at home and abroad, all that he did through the Press and in the Pulpit.

First, let me remove what seems to me a false judgment, which may exist in the minds of some who hear me.

Dr. WYLIE has been **“likened”* to Dr. Thos. Arnold, who obtained such eminence as a historian, and especially as head-master of Rugby. I apprehend that the similarity between these two great men extends scarcely farther than to their both being teachers and members of the same religious denomination. The surroundings of their childhood were different,—the one is on the Isle of Wight, amid the excitement of naval and military affairs, when Napoleon dazzles and defies the world, and young Arnold drinks in the war spirit, and has Homeric heroes fighting their battles with all manner of garden implements while he recites Pope’s translation; the other is plodding upon his father’s farm in Western Pennsylvania, with no visions of war to fire his youthful heart,—away from the busy haunts of men, and with but few books. The circumstances of their education are different; Arnold with abundant means for education, independent of personal effort, at Warminster, at Winchester, and then at Oxford, every external advantage and incentive to activity and richness of culture; the other at a village school, and then at a young college, scarcely out of its swaddling clothes, all the while supporting himself by toil of hand and then of head. Their sentiments and conduct in ac-

* See Eulogy by Rev. Dr. Claxton.

tual life are different,—the English hero is progressive, even sometimes to radicalism,—wanders from Warburton's theory of government to its opposite extreme, contending zealously for the union, or rather the identity, of church and state; he must write a pamphlet or die; he longs to fight the heretics at Oxford as in a saw-pit, and not unseldom is betrayed into foolish and unprofitable controversy; he writes on everything and to everybody—has a multitude of irons in the fire, but gives his greatest labor to history, and with historical eye beholds objects in the concrete. Our hero is truly conservative though not at a stand still; can not abide union of church and state; is no polemic either in or out of theology, though as to the latter matter, when driven to the wall, or when his blood is up, real or supposed wrong done him, few men could make more heroic or stronger fight—he deals blows terrible as the Black Prince, at Ashby Tournament, when three knights so hotly pressed the gallant Ivanhoe, and a distinguished lawyer, no carpet knight, no common man, declares that he would rather meet in conflict ten of the best lawyers in the State, than this one preacher; Dr. WYLIE has no ambition for notoriety, no strong impulse toward authorship, does not possess the versatility of mind, the variety of attainments, nor make the variety of endeavors that Arnold does; he looks at life from a different stand-point, is a philosopher not in historical, but in metaphysical and moral truth, sees objects in the abstract—has a reflective mind, and makes Thought rather than Action the king of his philosophy: in mental science, and I say it not hastily, Dr. WYLIE was the greater man. To see how widely they differed in regard to education, not in the theory of government, for here their sentiments were in remarkable harmony, but in the practice, let any one contrast Dr. Arnold's article, entitled Discipline in Public Schools, written in 1835, with Dr. WYLIE's address before the College of Teachers in 1838, on College Government. I can not but think that a careful review of the lives and characteristics of these men will satisfy any

thoughtful mind that they presented more and greater dissimilarities and incongruities than their opposites.

As President of an institution of learning, Dr. WYLIE's office was two-fold, to instruct and govern. His theory of college government is evolved and strongly enforced in the address to which reference was made a moment since. This government he denominated the "*paternal*," "as being analogous to that which every wise and affectionate father exercises over his children, and which is the nearest image of that moral and providential government, which the great God, our Heavenly Father, exercises over us, His intelligent offspring. It seeks to establish its authority over the governed, not by a system of minute and paltry rules, which require the exercise of an espionage, as vexatious to the governors as it can be to the governed, but by addressing itself to the rational and moral faculties of the latter, and to their sense of honor, their interests, and social affections and sympathies."

Many difficulties beset Dr. WYLIE in the exercise of government—some of them belonging to him, others external. I have already incidentally referred to the chief former; and as to the latter, it would be melancholy to give even an inventory of the weapons framed against the Institution or against the President,—one while, mayhap, Disaffection and Intrigue in the Faculty; again Demagogism, Sectarianism, Misrepresentations, Misunderstandings, encouraged by others ever ready to strengthen any disaffection existing in the mind of a student and to widen the breach between him and the President,—but let the "Dead Past, bury its dead," and may God prosper no weapon formed against this Institution, but bring shame and confusion upon all its foes. . . . Dr. WYLIE was a self-determining and self-dependent will. The views formed in his own study, founded in abstract thought, he endeavored to execute without seeking the counsel and concert of others. Of course such views could not, to say the least, always be expedient, and hence difficulties might be expected. Probably he himself was conscious that he

sometimes erred in such independent, resolute, and straight forward course. Many years ago, while on a visit to Crawfordsville, he remarked to the late Rev. Dr. Baldwin, then President of Wabash College, "If there were a stump in the road, you would walk quietly around it, but I would blunder against it, battering and bruising my shins." Our honored teacher possessed the kindly sympathies, the pleasant humor and the conversational power to have made himself the most popular of presidents, had he associated with students more, and become known and understood by them.

As an instructor, Dr. WYLIE challenged the admiration of all. He brought to this high office a most thorough and accurate knowledge of language—he was especially well versed in Greek and Latin; he had a mind rich in the treasures of philosophy, profound in thought, and of remarkable dialectic skill. He was quite familiar with the classic authors of ancient times; often and gladly he drank from the deep well of Aristotle: sad Plato, whose heart was so sorrowful as he contemplated the vices and the follies of men, and whose mind searched with holy zeal after sublime Truth, was probably Dr. WYLIE's favorite author—many of his dialogues he translated and published; he was a diligent student and great admirer of Cicero. But there is not time to enumerate either the ancient or modern authors, with whose pages he was familiar. "His ability as a teacher, was evident at an early period. His lectures on Metaphysics, dated in 1817, (he was then in his twenty-eighth year,) show an extraordinary progress, as well as that power in abstract thought which distinguished him in his subsequent career. This abstract thought he applied to all phenomena, to men, history and common occurrences in life." In teaching, he illustrated the principles of one subject by referring to those of another more familiar to the student. He did not *think for* his pupils,—that, using his own comparison, resembles the method of those nasty nurses, who themselves masticate the food which they afterwards put

in the unconscious infant's mouth. But his great object was to teach them to think; his instructions, speaking after the manner of Carlyle, were "seeds, and not baked flour, seeds of knowledge, which when they take root in the mind ramify, while we meditate them, into a whole garden of thought." While we might value his instructions at the time they were given, yet none could fully appreciate them save as years brought experience and reflection. Perhaps, sometimes indeed, we thought his maxims and advice unwise; but observation and experience proved our mistake, and with every such proof—possibly plucked with bleeding hands from thickets of thorns, or introduced into our nature with draughts bitter as of wormwood and gall,—how we honor the memory of our kind and wise Teacher.

Dr. WYLIE's heart was consecrated to the work of teaching. How eloquent is the valedictory he uttered to the College of Teachers. What devoted zeal burns in these concluding words: "When, for the last time, my head reclines upon my pillow and fancy is busy painting on the memory the scenes of the past, may the consolation be mine—may it be yours—to look over the country and see here and there, faithfully serving God and their country, those, who, when the tidings of our demise,—a *euthanasia* may it be—shall reach them, will say, while the tear of fond and grateful remembrance trembles in their eye—'He was my teacher, beloved, honored and revered! Blessings on his memory! for he taught me to love truth, to love virtue, and to aspire after communion with their AUTHOR.'"

Dr. WYLIE was a Teacher unto all who read his published thoughts or heard his public addresses.

As to his style of composition, Strength and Plainness were its great characteristics; he made no effort at fine writing any more than he did at fine speaking—to express the thought clearly and forcibly was his object. There was no pedantry in his discourse—no words of ponderous length and thundering sound to astonish and confound

his hearers. When he delivered his Inaugural as President of this Institution, a man with paper and pencil in hand, was noticed amongst the auditors, and after the address was concluded, some one anxious to know what he had been doing with these, asked him what he thought of the address,—his reply was, “Not much. You see I came prepared to take down all the words I could not understand, and there were only two of them in the whole speech.” *

The simplicity of his style is well worthy of study and imitation, especially when contrasted with the style so much in favor at the present day, and which is often fostered by our literary institutions. Huge Greek and Latin derivatives, that often force even classical scholars to their dictionaries, and of course are not understood by many of the mass, are coming into our language like an army and driving the strong Saxon out: if this invasion be not soon checked, the definition of language will truly be, “the means of concealing our thoughts.”

As to the *matter* of his composition, Dr. WYLIE in the main exhibited the fruit of much reflection, the product of profound thought. The great characteristic of most that he wrote, is that it demands the exercise of both attention and reflection—it furnishes food for thought, is suggestive and opens up many avenues of knowledge, the presence and the purpose of which we can not see at a single reading: in order to understand and know, we must read and reflect, and repeat once or oftener our reading and reflection. Sometimes, in his graver discourses, there would occur passages adorned with the treasures of his imagination, like beds of flowers surrounded by massive rocks and overshadowed by huge forest trees. Indeed, I am not sure, strange as the remark may seem to some, but the original type of his mind was *poetic*, (or at any rate that his gifts were *creative* as much as *reflective*.)

* Lewis Bollman, Esq., of Bloomington, is my authority for the above anecdote. I take great pleasure in thanking him also, for so kindly furnishing me some valuable information concerning my subject.

changed indeed by his studies and the necessities of his life, so that the calm voice of the philosopher is heard, the clear deductions of the logician beheld, rather than the melodies and the visions of the poet. He had *Ideality*, which, however, only occasionally manifested itself; he had, as previously mentioned, rich Humor and vivid Sensibility, endowments which have been found greatest in the best poets; and what in the records of uninspired prose-poetry is more brilliant and truthful than his description of water in his last baccalaureate? . . . His manner in the lecture room, at times, revealed the poet. Can not we all remember instances when, after instructing us not only in an unimpassioned, but, possibly, dry manner as he leisurely walked the floor, suddenly as some great thought sprang up in his mind, some sublime inspiration pervaded his soul, countenance and attitude were changed—his form erect and his eye flashing—and he enchained our attention, uttering winged words, as if indeed his lips had been touched with hallowed fire, and God had given him the "*mens divini*or," and the "*os magna sonaturum*?"

Of Dr. WYLIE's published addresses, probably that which he delivered before the Philomathean Society of Wabash College, July, 1838,—the subject of the address was "*The Propriety of retaining the Greek and Roman classics in their place, as a part of study necessary in the course of a Liberal Education*,"—was most widely known and won for its author the highest praise. Asher Robbins,* of Rhode Island, one of the finest classical scholars ever a member of our National Senate, wrote to him soliciting a copy of

* NEWPORT, R. Island, April 22, 1839.

Rev. Dr. WYLIE—Sir : An extract published in the *Intelligencer*, from your Address, to the Philomathean Society, of Wabash College, has excited in me a strong desire to see the whole Address. Will you, sir, do me the favor to send me a copy in pamphlet form, if you have one to spare. I take the liberty to send you herewith, a copy of my remarks in the Senate of the U. States, on the subject of the Smithsonian Bequest, whence you will infer the deep interest I take in common with yourself, in the cause of classical education, and how acceptable therefore your Address will be to me. With highest respect and consideration,

Your obt's servant,

ASHER ROBBINS.

the address. Daniel Webster* also wrote to him for the same purpose. Dr. WYLIE's eulogy upon La Fayette, delivered in this town, elicited a letter from Webster, in which he spoke of the production in terms of highest praise. Surely, the students of Dr. WYLIE are guilty of no blind idolatry, of no idolatry at all, when they declare that in ability he was one of the first men in all our country.

When the occasion specially required it, or when the time for preparation was brief, he would give a truly *popular* address, not so profound as to tax the thought of his auditors, and yet most entertaining and instructive. What could be more admirable in simple wisdom, in kind feeling, than his address in 1849, to the pupils of St. Mary's Seminary, Indianapolis?

How shall I speak of those addresses, such as a Fourth of July speech in this place, a few years after coming west, and an address to the Mechanics' Institute of Bloomington—addresses so brimming with humor, that men had to laugh until the tears were in their eyes and their sides were sore? And yet, beneath this current of humor, there was a vein of rich wisdom lying, as beneath the sparkling, laughing streams of the El Dorado of our land, precious gold is found.

"Dr. WYLIE was the author of an English Grammar, published about 1822, an excellent Grammar, but which did not succeed, because it demanded of the teacher, thorough knowledge, requiring him to furnish examples, illustrations and questions." His "Sectarianism is Heresy," a profound argument against the divisions obtaining in the Church, published in 1840, never excited that interest to

* WASHINGTON, March 8, 1839.

MY DEAR SIR :—I have had the pleasure of reading your Address to the Philomathean Society, of Wabash College. It strikes me as an original, instructive, and interesting performance, and I will be much obliged to you, if you will send a copy to my address at Boston. I wish I had something worthy of your acceptance, to send in return.

Yours, with much respect,

DANIEL WEBSTER.

Rev. Dr. WYLIE.

which its purpose, spirit, and ability entitled it. Dr. WYLIE attributed its want of success to its being badly printed, and not being brought before the public by a regular publisher with his various arts to give it notoriety. These undoubtedly were two of the reasons, but, as suggested by another, there were others. "All the religious world is divided into sects, and the title of the book was offensive to it. Moreover, just before its publication, more than one denomination had been expecting the Doctor to unite with them—the book undeceived and provoked them." "The Equator," a literary journal, published here, of which Dr. WYLIE was principal owner, and for which he furnished some original articles as well as translations from the Greek, lived only about eighteen months: the name given it, referred to his religious position.

Some years previous to his decease, Dr. WYLIE, at the urgent solicitation of one of our number, who had at heart not only the Doctor's fame, but likewise the good of the Institution, commenced writing for the Press. When arrested by death, he had completed two works for publication, the one on Rhetoric, the other, Advice to Young Men. These, as well as many of his sermons, ought to be published; and upon none can the honor of bringing them before the public, more fitly devolve, than upon the Alumni of Indiana University; certainly, we ought to take some action looking towards such a desirable result.

Dr. WYLIE was a Teacher in the Sacred Desk. And here it is necessary that I should speak, briefly as possible, of his religious history as well as that of his ecclesiastical relations. When that new birth, without which no man can enter into the kingdom of Heaven, occurred in his soul, or when he united with the Church of his parents, I have not been able to learn. But there came to him in his early manhood, doubts as to the authenticity of the Scriptures—and to solve for himself the solemn question, Are these the words of God? he sought a retired place, where the All-seeing Eye alone was upon him, collecting all the volumes that could assist him in

the investigation, and there spent weeks in diligent, earnest study. Giant Despair grapples with him, and he is imprisoned in dark, Doubting Castle. But no Doubting Castle can hold that strong mind—no Giant Despair vanquish that earnest, truth-loving spirit; he comes forth with an unalterable conviction, a changeless intellectual faith that the Bible is the Word of God. Thoughtful men will acknowledge it was no mean tribute to the proofs of the Truth of Christian Revelation, that a profoundly philosophic mind of such rich scholarship and severe logic should have, after patient and thorough investigation, come to this conclusion; this example, too, confirms De Quincey's observation, "though a great man may, by a mere possibility, be an infidel, an intellect of the highest order must build upon Christianity." . . . Scepticism is probably one of the greatest dangers to which our national mind is exposed. It would seem that every year we were drifting farther and farther from the large and earnest faith of our ancestors. Especially are young men liable to doubt and live in practical denial of Revealed Truth, until doubting and denial ripen into Deism or blind Atheism: indeed, how many of them enter upon the realities of life as Schlegel entered upon eternity, with "But" upon the lips! Would that the example of ANDREW WYLIE, noble as the noblest of them, might lead all such, and every honest doubter, however advanced in life, to the diligent and honest investigation of the most momentous question which can agitate the mind of the race or of the individual, "Is the Bible inspired of God?"—most momentous, because if affirmatively answered it involves corollaries of infinite importance. Moreover a belief thus won, will be fixed in a man's intellectual nature and be of unspeakable preciousness to his heart. Had Bailey's hero, Festus, indeed, "breasted a rushing, burning world which came between him and his heart's delight," he would not have been like a bee among flowers, flitting from one love to another; the child that has been rescued from fire or water will be clasped to the parent's heart as

more precious for the very peril to which it has been exposed. It is true that even the eye which has searched fully and satisfactorily the "Evidences," may for a season be partially darkened, but the full light will come again; the winds and the waves may rock that anchored ship, until it seems as if she were parting her cable or dragging her anchor, but when the calm comes, she will settle back to her old place and be found still secure.

For nearly a score and a half of years, Dr. WYLIE was a Presbyterian minister, but the sad division which separated that noble communion into Old and New School, as well, possibly, as a belief on his part that he had been treated unjustly by the highest judicatory of the Church, led him practically to withdraw from that Church. And then for a time he is in a sort of transition-state,—the eye is darkened, the ship is terribly shaken—he decries all systems of Theology, regrets all creeds and confessions, actions are everything, beliefs nothing, *orthodoxy* has no place, *orthopraxy* all place; his heart is chilled while he lives in this atmosphere of doubt and denial, and his sermons lose their vitality and become more like cold moral essays, than evangelical discourses. But the clouds disappear, light again shines upon him, and his heart is again warm. Even before uniting with the Episcopal Church, he returns to his old reverence for symbolic theology. In Christianity, earnestness of life can not exist independent of definiteness of religious views, and certainty of purpose.

In December, 1841, at New Albany, Dr. WYLIE was ordained a deacon, and in May, 1842, at Vincennes, he was admitted to the holy order of the priesthood in the Episcopal Church, by Bishop Kemper. This, like almost every other important step in life, was taken without counseling with his friends, or giving them any certain indication that he meditated it. No one who knew Dr. WYLIE can now doubt—no matter what may have been the prejudices and misrepresentations of the hour—that in this matter he acted conscientiously. Nor would it be

difficult to show not only that this step was entirely consistent with, but measurably compelled by, the sentiments uttered in his work on Sectarianism.

Let us now consider his *Religious Character*. It seems to me that the deepest-lying, most pervading element of his spiritual nature was *Reverence*. Not indeed such a three-fold reverence as Goethe teaches in *Wilhelm Meister's Travels*—no poetico-philosophic theory—but that fear which is the beginning of knowledge, sanctified by the love of Him who first loved us, a true Christian Reverence, embracing loving regard of the True, the Good, and the Great, in all races of men, and in all ages of time,—“the highest feeling of which man is capable, the crown of his whole moral manhood.” This spirit pervaded Dr. WYLIE's theological views—theology to him was rather a divine life, than a divine knowledge; it was manifest in his interpretation of Scripture, in his sermons, and in his prayers. How often in prayer did his faltering tongue and hesitating utterance, attest the deep solemnity which overshadowed, the profound reverence which occupied his soul! There was more adoration in one of those pauses than in an avalanche of the flippant, thoughtless prayer we sometimes hear.

We would do well to notice Dr. WYLIE's catholicity, as another important element in his religious character. We justly expect one of his mind and cultivation to be catholic in feeling and opinion. In every profession—I know it is the case in Medicine, and I believe it to be so in the other professions—the most illiberal, ungenerous, and ungentlemanly, the meanest and most conceited men are generally those of the least education, while the opposite is also commonly true.

Dr. WYLIE recognized no religious creeds as perfect, nor any one as coinciding throughout its entire extent with his own views. He was accustomed to say in his sermons, “In this I believe with our Methodist brethren;” “In this with our Baptist friends,” and so of other denominations. He continued to commune with the Presbyter-

rian church, even after the change in his ecclesiastical relations. Possibly there was a time when he was ultra catholic—too liberal to be positive in his own faith,—Milton's warrior-angels from the very atmosphere of earth received stains which remained a greater or less time on their garments of dazzling brightness, and no man in this world of warring creeds, of conflicting opinions, of contradictory testimonies, of light and darkness, can at all times keep, however pure and earnest his devotion to truth may be, the garments of his faith free from taint or stain of error.

Dr. WYLIE's religion was not of a noisy, obtrusive sort—it did not consist in forms and ceremonies, and the stereotyped phrases of religious discourse. We should never forget that Religion is the life of the soul, not the utterance of the lips, and that conversation is often profoundly religious without being ostensibly so. In his baccalaureates he never failed to present some phase of religious truth, or to impress some precious religious counsel without approximating the style of a sermon or random exhortation.

His sermons were characterized by his profoundly reverent spirit towards God and his teachings, his truly catholic spirit towards man and his beliefs. With deep penetration he grasps at the heart of a subject—brings a new wealth of meaning from texts trite and familiar—and with logical precision presents it to his hearer; in the pulpit he displays a power of compact thought and cogent argument such as few men possess—a sermon from him was always an intellectual treat. Nor were his discourses devoid of lofty eloquence, and at times of deep pathos, though some hearers might think they often lacked in that quality which is seldom found in the sermons of those who are not actively engaged in pastoral duties—nor always in the sermons of such—*unction*; in his very last years, however, it is said that they were characterized by this in a remarkable degree.

In his preaching, the Doctor carefully abstained from the discussion of abstract doctrines and sectarian differences, treating with respect the mysteries of the Bible, attaching but little importance to modes and ceremonies, but especially insisting upon the great matters of personal piety and social duty. . . . Doubtless, great faithfulness and entire frankness characterized his discourses when pastor. "I heard Bro. T.* preach an excellent sermon," he once remarked, "for it made the people angry, because of his great plainness of speech, in reproving their sins." Sometimes in his absent-mindedness, Dr. WYLIE forgot the kind of a discourse the occasion required. He was once invited to preach at the dedication of a Church at Evansville; to the great surprise of the people, his sermon did not contain even an allusion to the occasion, but was a homily upon the Sixth Commandment, "Thou shalt not kill."

I must now speak of the close of his days.

Few men had a heavier cross to bear—our existence here is often *Passion* as well as *Action*—we must *suffer* as well as *do*, in the battle of life.

I pass by the physical sufferings which he endured, the fiery doubts with which he wrestled for the life of his soul, the want of proper appreciation, the misunderstandings of his character, the misrepresentations of his conduct and of his opinions—some said he was a haughty tyrant, another called him insane, others an infidel; I pass by, too, the errors which he may have committed, in moments of impulse or mistaken judgment, from which bitter fruit sprang. All these I pass by to speak of those sorer trials which tried his soul as with fire, one, and another, and still another of his sons called away, the death of the last, Samuel, noble in intellect, and generous in heart, just when eminent usefulness awaited him, one whom many of us knew and loved—his loss the sorest trial of all, and then the true silver gleam shines out, and the purified

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spirit is fit for the Master's use. What precious words are these he utters, "I have had much sweet communion with my Savior since my dear Sam.'s death, sitting in this old chair of mine—more in the last few months, than in as many years before. The Holy Spirit hath visited and comforted me, and I am resigned now to my son's death. I would not, if I could, bring him back, for I believe that he is infinitely happy, and as for me, it is good that I have been afflicted." Well has the Apostle written, "We count them happy which endure."

Dr. WYLIE mourns at times that he has done so little—that he has not lived more for the good of his family and others—says that if he had his life to live over again, it should be more practical and useful, and is ready to cry out under a deep sense of his unprofitableness and neglects of duty. But still, he casts himself upon the mercy of God in the Lord Jesus Christ, and finds peace and joy in believing.

During his last days, a holy calm and a heavenly spirit reigned in his heart and life, the reflection and the harbinger of celestial light. The hot summer-day of toil and dusty conflict is passing away, and the flowers that have drooped under the burning rays of the meridian sun, lift up their faces for the baptism of the evening dew. Yea, the Summer itself, with its fierce heats, its sudden gusts and pouring rains, gives place to mellow Autumn, when Nature is clothed with a chastened glory, and bountiful with kindly fruits, illumined with a gentler radiance, ere she sleeps in the snow-shroud of Winter. Soon into the garner of the Lord he will be gathered like a shock of corn fully ripe.

Some two weeks before his death, Dr. WYLIE, while engaged in his favorite exercise with the axe, cut his foot quite badly. But he will not intermit his duties, and limps to and from the College. Nine or ten days elapse, and on Friday he delivers, *sitting*, a long address to the Monroe County Agricultural Society; on retiring from the Chapel, he expresses his thankfulness, that he can

now have two days' rest—he shall, indeed, speedily find rest, that rest which remaineth for the people of God. On Sunday, disease comes, but apparently in so mild a form as to awaken no anxiety in his mind, and he will not allow a physician to be sent for. On Monday, the disease, Pneumonia, unmasks itself, and assails a constitution weakened as I have just mentioned—the rapidly dilating and contracting nostrils, the large chest struggling for breath, the panting respiration, the laboring heart, tell of a terrible struggle; soon the dusky countenance, the oozing sweats, and the difficult utterance declare that neither Love nor Skill can avert a fatal issue. On Tuesday, November 11th, 1851—little more than forty-eight hours from the first onset of his sickness, ANDREW WYLIE died, and dying, asserted with his very last breath that Jesus was precious to his soul.

Such testimony in the death-agony, and crowning such a life, while it comforts and consoles those who loved him, should, above all, quicken us unto useful living, and to the attainment of the same unfaltering faith, that we too may look upon the terror-crowned King with firm and fearless gaze, until sceptre and crown vanish in the dawning glories of Heaven.

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